

Makeup by RockNRollGospels214

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Cute, Eleven | Jane Hopper and Mike Wheeler are Cute, F/M, Fluffy, Makeup, Post Season 2, season 2 spoilers!!!, who wouldn't wanna be eleven's mother figure?

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Jim "Chief" Hopper/You

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-05-30

Updated: 2018-05-30

Packaged: 2022-04-22 04:54:56

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,722

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Being with Jim Hopper was an adventure all on its own, not to mention looking after his adopted daughter Jane adding to the mix. One morning, Jane observes you while putting on makeup, and you give her a little insight on what it means to be "pretty." You also help Jane apply some makeup before she goes over to Mike's house for the annual Friday Night hangout.

Makeup

Author's Note:

Okay, so, the first and most important note is that I wrote this in second person POV strictly because I didn't wanna age to be an issue with this one. This is a judgement free zone! (I personally envisioned this character to be like mid-30s, but, if y'all wanna imagine otherwise that's why I left it open to you.) This was just a random idea I got involving an entirely separate character but I feel like second person POV stories are easier to follow for a larger audience.

Also, for warnings:

*Reader lives with Jim and they aren't married (I don't know if this should be a warning or not but like here it is)

*SEASON 2 SPOILERS!!! Don't read if you haven't finished the second season!

Hope y'all like it!

“Jane! We’ve gotta leave in ten minutes!” You called from your small bathroom conjoined to your and Jim’s bedroom.

“Okay!” Jane called back.

You were busy at work quickly applying some makeup before you were going to drop Jane off at Hawkins Middle and then head off to work.

You’d met Jim the winter of 1983. You started dating by January, and Jane came into the picture by February of ‘84.

It didn't take long for you to decipher the truth about what happened to Will Byers that past fall. Jim didn't have any other choice but to fill you in once he came home with Jane, Eleven, and you witnessed her slam the spare bedroom door without even touching it.

The two were able to keep the truth quiet for about a month, however, and you still aren't quite sure how they managed to do it for that long.

Two years later, February of '86, and you couldn't be more thankful to have Jane, and Jim, at the center of your life.

"Morning hon," Hopper slid in the bathroom behind you, standing next to you at the sink.

"Good morning," You replied, turning to face him as he placed a quick kiss on your lips.

His smile was contagious as your eyes met when you both pulled away, "Makeup? Why are you getting all dolled up today?"

Your forehead still rested against his, "I just had time."

"If you're happy I'm happy." He said, kissing you again. This kiss was much more passionate, and his lips slowly began to trail down to your neck.

“Jim,” You breathed out, “Babe, we gotta get ready to go.”

“Just one more minute.” He mumbled into your skin, grabbing your hips gently.

“I’m ready.” Jane said from the doorway, causing you both to jump and step away from the intense embrace.

“That was quick,” You smiled at her. Just give me one more minute to finish my makeup, okay?”

“You look perfect, doll,” Jim muttered in your ear before kissing the side of your head, slipping past you again. He rubbed Jane’s hair softly when he walked past her, and she smiled gently.

As you quickly applied your lipstick, Jane stepped into the bathroom next to you and looked in the mirror at your face.

“Pretty?” She asked.

“What do you mean, baby?”

Jane motioned to her face, “Makeup?”

“Oh, the makeup. I suppose it’s used to make us look pretty, but, I only wear it sometimes because I want to.”

“Us?”

“Women. Lots of women wear makeup to impress men, or, to make themselves feel pretty because they’re uncomfortable with themselves. But, I think you should only put on makeup if you want to. Not because you feel like you have to.” You said as you began tossing your eyeshadow pallet and brushes back into your makeup bag, along with your recently capped lipstick and mascara.

Jane was looking at herself in the mirror now, and you could see what was running through her mind.

“You’re beautiful, Jane.” You smiled, squatting down to be eye level with her. “You are so beautiful, I don’t think you’ll ever need makeup.” You lowered your voice, “And I think Mike thinks so too.”

Jane smiled and blushed softly. “Thank you.”

Hopper was eavesdropping from the bedroom, and another warm smile bloomed on his face when he heard the exchange between you and Jane.

“You’re welcome, sweets.” You stood again, “Now, what do you say we head to school?”

Jane nodded. Before she left the bathroom she looked up at you, "Can I use makeup?"

"Well we don't have time this morning, but, if your dad's okay with it I can help you out some on before you go to Mike's house tonight?"

Jane's eyes got wide, and she nodded a little faster.

"Sounds like a plan." You smiled.

After you dropped Jane off at school, you drove to work in silence.

You thought about how far you'd all come since the first time you met Jim, since the first time he brought Jane through the door.

The first two years Jane lived with you, you quit your job and took to looking after her while Jim stayed busy at the station, or saving Hawkins.

You hadn't been around for the first round of madness, but you were all too involved with the second one.

"You're not mama." Jane would always say on the many days you

spent alone with her at the cabin.

“I know, baby,” You would always reply, “I don’t expect you to see me as your mother, ever. But, always remember, that just because a woman didn’t give birth to you doesn’t mean she can’t be like your mother. A mother figure, is the term.”

Regardless of how much you stayed with her that fall, she still managed to escape on multiple occasions, one time making it all the way to Philadelphia and back when you got stuck at Hawkins Lab with Jim, Joyce, Bob, Mike, and Will.

You tried not to think back to the fall of ‘84. You struggled with nightmares and would still jump anytime a dog would approach you in public.

By that Christmas, when everything was over, you were just thankful that all of your friends, your lover, and your adopted daughter were alive—except for Bob, who, in his memory, you still let Joyce lean on you for comfort when she needed it. You know it’s what he would want for the woman he loved.

Even after everything had wound down and Hawkins Lab was officially condemned, and, Eleven was legally Jane Hopper, you still stayed away from work for a year to spend time with Jane so she wasn’t alone.

This was when she finally began to get really close to you, and you began calling her your daughter, officially.

But, it took her awhile to reciprocate.

“Y/N,” Jane would always call you. She didn't want to call you “Mama” and she didn't want to call you “Ms.”

“Y/N, when is Jim getting home?”

“He said 5:15, baby, but he might be a little late tonight.”

“He's always late.”

It took Jane forever to finally start saying “dad” instead of “Jim.”

At first she didn't like your company, because she had never lived with a woman before.

But, once she discovered that you held to the key to the pantry and could make her food, she started to warm up to you.

“Eggs?”

“Not for dinner, but you can have some later.”

“Late?”

“No no, later, so not right now.”

“When?”

“After dinner whenever you’re hungry again, sweets.” You smiled, Jane huffing and walking back to the couch.

Whenever Jim was home, the tension between you and Jane would be resolved. There wasn’t a whole lot of tension to begin with, you could just tell she took to him a lot more.

By the fall of ‘85, Jane was able to enroll in public school, and you were able to work during the day again.

“Dad, can I see Mike this weekend?” Jane stepped out of her room abruptly while you were sitting with Jim on the couch.

You smiled at how well her English was. She sounded more and more like a real teenager every day.

“Didn’t you just see him all week?” Hopper replied.

“Yes, but school isn’t fun.”

“I thought you said you loved school.”

“I do, but, we can’t have fun in class. We have to work.”

Before Jim could say anything else, you interjected, “I’ll take you, baby.”

“Thanks, mom!” Jane smiled, darting over and hugging you on the couch.

Everything happened so fast you didn’t have time to process what Jane had said until she was in your arms, hugging you tightly.

“You’re welcome,” you breathed.

Jane gave Jim a hug too before running back to her room.

You just looked at Jim, who was smiling brightly. “See, I told you she’d get there.”

“I was starting to think I’d never thought I’d see the day.” You whispered back.

"I can take her this weekend, by the way." Jim added. "I was just giving her a hard time."

"You just didn't feel like going out this weekend."

"Hey, when you've got a beautiful woman by your side on a comfortable couch, you wouldn't wanna move either."

"I don't know about that, but, I'm certainly not looking forward to moving." You mumbled, pausing. "Beautiful, huh?"

"The most beautiful woman, ever." He smiled, kissing you.

"Ever?" You chuckled.

"In the whole wide world to ever live." He mumbled between more kisses, causing you to laugh.

"Gross." Jane said suddenly from her doorway.

"Hey, don't act like I don't know you've been kissing Mike, because I know you have." Jim teased.

"Dad!" Jane whined.

“Besides, it’s natural.” Jim said before kissing you again.

Jane made a face before stepping back into her room and slamming the door, causing you both to laugh.

Once Jane had taken that big step and called you “mom,” everything had changed.

“Mom,” Jane would wander around the cabin when she needed to ask you something.

“Yes, baby?” You’d reply.

After a while, Jane began to wonder about your nicknames for her.

“Why do you call me ‘baby’?”

“What do you mean-“ You had to stop yourself from calling her that right then and there.

“I’m not a baby, so why do you call me one?”

“Oh,” you smiled. “It’s just a tear of endearment. It’s because I love you.”

“Term of...” Jane trailed off.

“Term of endearment.” You repeated for her. “It’s little names people call each other when they love one another.”

Jane still looked lost.

“When I call your dad ‘honey’, or ‘babe’,” you continued. “It’s because I love him.”

“Sweets?” She asked, another name you called her.

“Yes! That’s it, I call you that too.”

“Because you love me?”

“Yes, Jane. I love you very much.” You smiled, kissing her head.

She smiled, and you knew that was her way of saying, “I love you, too.”

You pulled into your parking spot at your job and shifted your car into park before turning the engine off.

A deep sigh escaped your lips.

Your daydreaming session was over, and you weren't in a cheerful mood about working by any means.

But, you looked forward to picking up Jane from school and Jim getting off early tonight.

They were what got you through the day.

Since it was a Friday, you parked a little farther off to the side of the school lot and stood outside of the car so Jane would see you easier.

“Hey, Ms. Y/N.”

You looked up to see Jonathan Byers walking towards you, his hands in his pockets and his smile soft.

“Jonathan, how are you?” You smiled, hugging him briefly. “And please, you know to just call me Y/N.”

Nobody really knew what to call you since you weren't married to Jim, yet, and saying your last name sounded too formal, and you had

insisted they didn't even worry about the prefix.

"I'm good, better, I suppose."

"That's good, how's Will and your mom?"

"They're good, thanks-"

"Jonathan!" Will called, waving. Dustin, Lucas, Mike, and Jane followed behind them.

"Hey buddy!" Jonathan called back.

You waved at Jane, smiling when you saw that she had been holding Mike's hand.

"Anyways, "Jonathan continued quickly, "My mom says you guys need to come over one weekend and take a night off."

"How sweet of her. Tell her we'll be over whenever she says so," You replied, smiling. "I'll ask Jim, but it's not like he's going to have a part in making the decision anyways."

Jonathan chuckled softly at your comment, reaching out to Will when he made it to the car. "You ready, buddy?"

“Yeah,” Will smiled. “Hi Ms. Y/N!” He proceeded to give you a hug.

“Hello boys,” You smiled at the rest of them once Jane was by your side.

“Hi Ms. Y/N,” they all said simultaneously before starting to dogpile into the back of Jonathan’s car, except for Mike and Jane.

“You’re taking all of them?” You asked Jonathan.

“I offered.” He shrugged.

“Good luck.” You mouthed.

“Thank you.” He sighed back, walking around the front of the car to get in, waving at you.

“Ms. Y/N,” Mike asked awkwardly.

“Yes hon?” You replied, turning to face him and Jane.

“I was thinking, just since our D&D games run so late and everybody else usually spends the night, do you think Jane could spend the night too? It’s okay if she can’t, I was just wondering if-”

Lucas and Dustin started laughing and snickering in the backseat, Mike giving them the death glare. You slowly took a step backwards and leaned up against the window so the boys could no longer see anything.

“I think that’s a wonderful idea, Mike.” You smiled.

“R-really? Thank you!” He smiled in disbelief, looking at Jane excitedly who was also smiling.

“Of course. I’ll have to take it up with Jim, but, I’ve got a few tricks up my sleeve that should get him to be okay with it.”

“Thank you so much! You’re the best! I’ll see you later, El!” Mike called as you stepped out of the way so he could climb into the backseat.

You began walking away with Jane towards your car with one last wave to the boys, Jane close by your side. “He still calls you El, huh?”

“Yeah. I like it, though.” She smiled, looking over her shoulder to watch the car drive away. “Are you sure dad will be okay with me spending the night?”

“I’ll make sure of it, baby.” You grinned down at her.

“No! Absolutely not!” Jim looked at you in shock when you told him what you’d said yes to.

Jane was getting dressed in her room, and you were about to help her with her makeup when you figured you needed to address the situation at hand.

“Babe, come on. It’ll be fine.”

“You think her spending the night with four boys is okay?!”

“Four *nice* boys,” You corrected him, “Who aren’t going to dare do anything to hurt Jane *ever* because they know they’ll have to face your wrath if they do. Also, they’re her friends? Does that ever occur to you?”

“I was a boy once. I know how they think. I don’t care how good they are.”

“And you’re a man now,” You walked up to him, looking up through your lashes.

“Babe, you can’t charm me out of this one.” He crossed his arms.

“ *Babe* ,” You mocked him, leaning in closer to his ear, “She doesn’t even know what sex is yet-”

“Which is something I’m not looking forward to talking to her about,” He cut you off.

You continued, “And you *know* that Mike wouldn’t dare do anything she was uncomfortable with.”

“Exactly, what she’s uncomfortable with. If she doesn’t know what it is then how is she going to know what she’s comfortable with doing?” Jim kept his voice low, leaning against the countertop with you standing in front of him. “God,” he pinched the bridge of his nose. “She’s not even sixteen yet and here we are.”

You sighed, “Hon, I know it will be fine. She just wants to spend time with her friends. You can’t stand here and tell me you didn’t sneak out to spend the night at girls houses when you were a teenager, because I know you did. I spent the night at guys houses all the time. They’re not even sneaking around, they’re going to play Dungeons and Dragons until four in the morning and when the sugar wears off they’ll all fall asleep on Mike’s basement floor.”

He was silent. He knew you were right.

“And besides, I know multiple ways that we can spend our night alone.” You took your lower lip between your teeth, grinning slightly, draping your arms around the back his neck.

“Oh really?”

“Mhmm.” You hummed, your eyes meeting his in a loving gaze.

“Sleepover?” Jane suddenly asked from her doorway.

“Yes, you can spend the night.” Jim looked over your shoulder at her.

“Yes!” she whispered to herself before darting back into her room.

“Make sure you pack your toothbrush!” You called over your shoulder.

“Okay baby, you gotta close your eyes for me.” You told Jane as you grabbed your golden eyeshadow pallet.

She was sitting on a chair facing you in your and Jim’s tiny bathroom, and you were sitting on a chair facing her and the doorway.

You had *Burnin’ For You* playing from the other room, just to help lighten to mood. The cabin was always so quiet.

Jane jumped at your touch at first, and you placed your free hand on her knee gently, "It's okay, it's just me and a little eyeshadow, okay?"

She nodded slightly, closing her eyes again.

"There we go," You said, working the makeup along her eyelid gently.

Jim appeared in the doorway next, leaning against it as he watched you help Jane with her makeup. A small smile appeared on his face when you put a finger to your lips to motion for him to be quiet.

If he really wanted to revel in the moment he needed to keep his mouth shut, because you knew he was dying to make fun of you for putting on Blue Oyster Cult.

"Okay," you sighed, finished Jane's second eye. She opened her eyes and went to look in the mirror, but you stopped her. "No peeking," you smiled. You dug around in your bag until you found an unused tube of mascara you'd bought a few weeks ago. "Mascara next?" You asked, holding up the little tube.

"Mas...cara?" Jane tried to repeat the word.

"Yes, it's for your eyelashes. Makes 'em all big and long, opens up your eyes too."

“Okay.” Jane nodded.

“Now, this one’s gonna be a little harder,” you said, leaning in to start on her eyelashes, “Because I have to get right up in your business to get this stuff on.”

Sure enough, as soon as you tried putting the wand to her eyelashes, Jane flinched, blinking and grabbing your arm with her hand.

Laughing softly, you wiped the mascara away from under her eye. “See? It’s hard being a woman, isn’t it?” You teased.

“Hold on, let’s try one more time...” You said, beginning to laugh again. “Try and hold your eye open for me.”

Jane looked at you funny, trying to make her eyes bigger which caused you to laugh even harder.

The smile on Jim’s face grew brighter seeing his two girls laugh.

“Do you want to try and do it yourself? Sometimes that makes it a little easier.” You asked.

“I guess?” Jane shrugged.

“Hold on, we’ll do it together.” You said, standing and pushing your chair back.

Jane stood from her chair, and she began to push it back when Jim helped her. “I got it, kid.” He said, picking the chair up and carrying it back out to the den.

You grabbed your own tube of mascara and knelt down at the sink so you were the same height as Jane. “Okay, so, the trick is to keep your eye open and don’t let the wand touch your eyelid.” You said, showing her how you did your mascara in the mirror. “And if it gets on your face,” You continued, messing up a little on purpose, “Keep going, you can wipe it off after.”

After a few tries, Jane had finally gotten the hang of it and was able to finish off both of her eyes. You helped her wipe away the smudged mascara underneath her eyes. She kept blinking, and you couldn’t help but laugh.

“It’ll dry in a minute or two, then you’ll forget you’re even wearing it.” You smiled. “Lips next?”

Jane nodded.

You used lip gloss on her, knowing that lipstick would be a hassle since she was going to be eating snacks and playing with the boys. If the lip gloss faded off, it wouldn’t be hard to notice.

“There.” You grinned. “I think you are all ready.”

“Pretty?” She asked, you simply motioned to the mirror and turned to look. She touched her cheek gently, observing her eye makeup and lips.

“I think you look beautiful, baby. Just like always.” You said lovingly. “Why don’t you go show dad?”

Jane smiled before turning to leave the bathroom, and you followed her to watch this unfold from the doorway to the bedroom.

“Whoa!” Jim responded, “Look at you!” He kneeled down to be level with Jane, who was smiling widely. “Y’know, I think you’re the prettiest girl in Hawkins. You’re gonna knock ‘em dead, kid.”

Jane threw her arms around him as a thank you, and he reciprocated.

“Alright, are you all packed?” Jim asked.

Jane pulled away and nodded.

“Okay, we’ll get ready to head over then.” Jim said as Jane went to get her bag. “I can’t believe I’m doing this.”

“Jim,” You warned. “It’ll be fine.”

“Ready,” Jane said, coming out of her room with her messenger bag and jacket.

You waited at the cabin for Jim to return, showering and putting on your night clothes. You hummed along to various songs of your choice and played the music a little louder than usual just because. The girl who was practically your daughter was happy, your man was happy, and you were happy.

With your nose in a book, you were relaxed on the couch when Jim got back. “Hey hon,” you called. “Did everything go okay?”

“Yeah, I got caught up talking to Joyce for a few minutes.” Jim replied, sitting down next to you on the couch.

Marking your page and closing your book, you responded, “That doesn’t sound like a bad thing.”

“It’s not, I was just looking forward to getting home to you.”

“Oh you were, were you?” You replied as he took a seat next to you.

“Mhmm.” Jim replied, draping an arm around you.

You leaned into his embrace, the warmth radiating off his body and onto yours. “Where should we start, chief?”

“We’ve got all night, so let’s start here,” He grinned, kissing you softly.

Author's Note:

Thanks for reading!!! Let me now what y'all think!

*Source: "Burning For You" by Blue Oyster Cult;
Album: "Fire of Unknown Origin" (1981)